THE HILL OF DOOMED HOPES

IF Ouida's shade won't think me ungrateful for many hours of happiness second only to opium's rare ecstasy, I should like to have accompanied Othmar when he tracked tigers in the forest recesses of Lahore, taken tea with Princess Napraxine from the tea set engraved by goldsmiths of the Deccan who sat beneath banana trees, and still more to have flashed with the meteoric Strathmore through the *fuchsia* gardens of Simla before he flitted back *ind* the slave markets of Stamboul to his divan and his rose water in Park Lane.

Still even minus the fuschia gardens what a crowd of turgid ideas and memories of human histories the name of Simla calls up. Surely never elsewhere was any circle of hills the amphitheatre of so many dramas from real life, never was a more effective setting for the spectacle which men and women play. More beautiful than any drop scene by the greatest stage artist is Simla in the spring, and like a c

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